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December, 1934



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XX

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 3

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IN the past eight years much of the success of THE STUDENT'S PEN has been due to one who has never shared in the glory this magazine receives. Little do readers of a school publication realize the work and time an adviser puts into the school paper. Hours of after-school work, careful correction of material, not once but many times,—both are essential—and then when the magazine has been printed and distributed, the bills come in.

We, the editorial staff, dedicate this issue of THE PEN to our beloved adviser, Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer. In view of the fact that this month THE PEN celebrates its forty-first birthday, we think it doubly fitting to inscribe this PEN to Miss Pfeiffer as a token of our love and gratitude. Never have we experienced such splendid good-fellowship and service as we do in working under her direction.

It is with deep appreciation that we wish her life-long success.
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

The Staff

EDITORIALS



AFTER FORTY-ONE YEARS

IT is with a great deal of joy that THE STUDENTS' PEN Club observes its forty-first birthday this December. It is truly a gala holiday, for our PEN has grown from the tiny "Delphian Oracle" of the 1860's, into the mighty STUDENTS' PEN which has won literary fame throughout the East in the Columbia Press Association. During the past forty-one years THE STUDENTS' PEN has undergone various changes until today it has come to stand among the first of high school publications.

It was my pleasure a few days ago to obtain an interview with one of the Associate Editors of THE PEN in 1893—Mr. Walter Kellogg. He was more than proud to see the "mighty oak which had grown from the tiny acorn that his staff had planted". In spite of his acknowledgement of our accomplishments, he did not conceal the fact that he considered his issue equal to ours. Of course I did not argue the question with Mr. Kellogg—he is one of Pittsfield's outstanding lawyers!

"A short time ago we were fortunate in obtaining possession of the initial number of the 'Delphian Oracle', one of those ancient publications of the P. H. S. which sank into oblivion years before its would-be successor, THE STUDENTS' PEN, came on the stage. As we gaze on its pages, musty with age and covered with quaint hieroglyphics, a feeling of awe and reverence comes upon us and it is with extraordinary tenderness we turn over the leaves."

The above paragraph was taken from an editorial in the December, 1893, issue of THE STUDENTS' PEN. That same feeling of awe and reverence came upon our staff as we, in our turn, gaze upon this, the initial issue of our PEN. We are proud that the little that we have offered in our services, will help to perpetuate the name of THE STUDENTS' PEN.

It is fitting at this time to acknowledge the services of Miss Madeleine E. Pfeiffer, head of the English Department, and our literary adviser. Miss Pfeiffer has given generously of her time and effort, asking only that THE PEN prove worthy to be the representative of the literary ability of the students of Pittsfield High School. The staff alone knows what Miss Pfeiffer has done to give the STUDENTS' PEN the standing which it now has. We take this opportunity to thank Miss Pfeiffer for her unfailing interest in our work.

We hope that within the next forty-one years, THE STUDENTS' PEN will continue to flourish and will at length become an even greater source of pride and joy to Pittsfield High School.

Mildred Klein '35



CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN HARLEM

LOW down upon the Harlem River, Creole sirens hoofed the latest Lenox Avenue hops, in gowns which swished lightly as they nestled against their dusky escorts. Hundreds of slippery feet stomped in unison with the torrid pace of the colored dance orchestra's rhythmic offering. Mean music; hot, sweet, and low-down, filtered through the dimly-lit ballroom. Faces were sepian masks of laughter, and bright eyes were kindled brighter with keen expectation and the intoxication of devil-may-care revelry. It was a Harlem holiday; Christmas night in Harlem.

With an uncanny flexibility, the ebony jazz maestro went through a series of typsy gyrations, as his men worked fast and furious in their efforts to ride a dizzy rag tempo.

The bass viol player thumped and slapped his coarse strands. Yeah! the pianist fingered a jam of minor chords in a resonant bass key; Yeah! while tomtoms and cymbals crashed under the drummer's twirling sticks.

"Hi de hi de hi, ho de ho de ho, wah de dah; Ma honey had a heart as big as a whale OOoooo you Saint Louie woman———" Rhythm! Rhythm everywhere, and plenty of darktown strutters.

One could imagine himself in the darkest corner of mysterious Africa, where these throbbing pulsations of Harlem rhythm were the dreadful booming of Voodoo jungle drums, and the rhythmantics in the prancing, milling mob were fat black bucks and their squaws, urged on to a frenzy by the Congo tiger-man who wielded the baton before the orchestra for the Jungletown parade.

There was a harmonious blending of tinkling ivories and booming drums; of wailing saxes and flaring trumpets; of blatant trombones and wierd chords, and minor gaffs tickling the spine. The band was going to town.

"Yeah man!"

"Ride it, boy!"

"Hit it, sock it, throw it up against the wall and knock it down agin!"

"Goin' ta town!"

Duke Williams, the personification of everything torrid, the master of melody, rhythm, and song, was more than less a glossy carbon-copy of a gigolo. His hair was jet-black, and all his efforts with toilet preparations could not iron out its kinky ringlets and curls. His brown eyes sparkled, and his broad square shoulders swayed rhythmically with the tune, as, with peacock pride, he waved a slender baton before his "Hot Choclit". From his con-

spicuous stand on the stage he could see above the bobbing heads of the holiday crowd, and pick out acquaintances on the floor. He occasionally became lost in a deep admiration of the scintillating scene. The sub-tone murmuring of languorous, soothing melodies would rise into a blatant fanfare. Duke's eyes would gleam with an unsatiable lust for jazz. He would cut loose with a hoarse yell. "Get cannibal! Yeah man, we're havin' a heat wave!"

His roving eyes were set for feathered prey, when, over somebody else's shoulder, he glimpsed an innocent but seductive face. The eyes were a trifle bewildered and uncertain, but this timid aspect rather enhanced their ravishing charms. He smiled at the personality behind those eyes as she danced nearer the foot of the stage.

"Hi, baby?"

She returned his engaging smile, then blushed, and pivoting in her partner's embrace was swallowed up by the shuffling crowd. Duke smiled quizzically, "So Santa Claus is comin' after all?"

As the band retarded the tune under Duke's skillful guidance, he handed the stick to Puddin' Head. "Here y'are Puddin' Haid, boy. Take 'em over for awhile. Ah gotta see somebody." He gave a final tug at his butterfly bow, and with a fleeting caress at his tux lapel, was off on a search for beauty.

"Yeah, man," bleated Puddin' Head, "that'll be duck soup. Get hot foot, boys. Mak it ninety in the shade. Give 'em Santa Claus Blues."

Duke passed through the main ballroom and into the lounge. He grinned sociably as his eyes met those of the bewildered young lady. "Hello, stranger, lonesome?"

"Uh, uh," she affirmed, "a little."

"I was sorta fraid a that," ventured Duke, "but you'll find I'm a pretty good cure for the blues. Mind if I sit down here next to you?"

"NOoo, I guess not."

"That's a lot better. Ya know, there's lots I'd like to say to you and lots more I'd like to listen to."

"Wall, what's all the interest in me? Ya don't even know me—yet."

"That's not my fault," Duke interrupted with a sparkling smile. "But don't get me wrong, lady, this is just a little Harlem hospitality, nothin' more, baby. Ya looked so lonesome out in that crowd of Harlemaniaks, I decided ta look ya up an' learn the answers, and—uh—wish ya a Merry Christmas."

"The answers ta what?"

"The answers to a million questions that popped up in my haid when I fust laid ma eyes on ya," he confessed.

"Wall, I'll do ma best ta help ya, but ah warn ya ah'm awful dumb at questions."

"I'm sure ya know these answers, cause they're all about you. Now, let's have question number one. What's yer name?"

"Ya kin call me Chloe, an your'n?"

"Oh, there's no doubt ah'm mister Rhythm Man, but as a special favor ah'd like ta have ya call me Duke."

"Now that ya've labeled me, an me you, ah spose that ya aim ta find out the where's an why's?"

"That's the idea exactly," Duke laughed. "Where ya from?"

"That one's not so hard. Ah come from down South."

"Ah," mused Duke, "The dear ole Southland. How do ya like it up here?"

"Ah dunno," she shrugged. "Taint so bad, but there's too much agoin' on. Evry-

body's lit up like a Christmas tree. Nobody evah rests. Ah'm about dead on ma feet. Wha right now it's sleepy-time down South. Them sleepy huids is snorin away, so happy, no worries. It's pitch darkness on the delta, an' ole man river jist rolls slowly 'long by our rickety little cabin, way back in the cotton. The levees is all dark an' lonesome, only willows swishing in the night's breeze, an' the yella moon glow shimmering over the deep river. The river's takin good care of 'em."

Duke sat entranced—his voice was scarcely audible.

"A lazy river reverie, huh? Yeah, I see what ya mean alright. Ya don't like our Harlem lullabies. You're a Swanee woman, not a Louisville lady. Ya got a blue feeling. This vacation is jest a rude interlude for ya. Ya miss yer rockabye moon an' yer fields of cotton. Me, it's diffrent. Ah'm a slave ta jazz. Ma religion is rhythm. It's lak a fever, jungle fever. Ma life's work isn't technocracy, law, medicine, or rest. Ma theory is Jazznocracy. Maybe ah've had too much harmony, an' discord too.

"Ah've been rockin' in rhythm, an' likin' it. Music makes me feel jus' this side of Heaven. It's really a chance at Heaven for me. Ya know, us sinners laks ta sing. It's good for us."

Duke's eyes were plaintively beseeching. Chloe's were unfocussed, staring ahead with interest, as Duke continued his philosophy.

"Ya lak ta go driftin an' dreamin, while ah like stormy weather, ill winds, an sobbin' blues. Ah lak ta go marchin on with the dawn an not realize it. You're under a Harlem moon. You're part of a black an tan fantasy. It don't affect you one way or the other. Evrythin here is at a white heat. Evrybody's poppin the cork an kickin the gong around. Still ah saw you an ah thought—oh, ah guess ah'm on the wrong side of the fence anyway. Ah'm jest a fool in love. What else is there ta say, exceptin ah got ya at the top of ma list, an' ah hope Santa Claus ain't forgettin' that when he gives me ma due."

Chloe laid her hand on his. "Ah guess ah'm sort of a frosted chocolate, but ah'm not a real part of this stampede. Ah'm sure if you was ta see or hear the Swanee's Louisiana lullabye you'd appreciate what this sleepy-time gal likes about the Dixie doorway. It's a Swanee cradle song. There's no shady ladies ta do ya wrong; no black panthers ta cross ya. The only whisperin' behind yer back is from the willahs. Folks down there ain't really lazybones; they're jist dreamin, really."

Duke signed as he escorted Chloe through the door and out into the crisp night air, streaked with flurried flakes of snow. "Ya paint a pretty picture, awright."

Occasional strains drifted out to the enraptured couple. "Snowball" Hines was hoarsely rendering an inimitable vocal. "Somebody took Gabriel's horn!"

"Shine" Evon adlibbed a few verses to a rag tune. "Oh, Monah, swing that thing. I'll be happy when you're dead, ya rascal you—"

Duke and Chloe had ears for each other only, and eyes for the stars alone. "Look, Duke, look at that star dust," Chloe whispered.

"It's more lak dust on the moon."

Chloe grinned, "Guess you're right. There must be trouble in Paradise."

"Sure nuff, that poor man in the moon hasn't got nobody ta keep house for him."

Chloe was in Duke's embrace. He whispered at her ear, "Chloe, you're ma dark hazard. You're temptation in the flesh, an' a little town gal at that. Honest," he laughed, "ya got me between the devil an' the deep blue. Up here ah'm the talk of the town. Down in yer parts there'd be nothin fer me but smoke rings, boogaboos, odds an' ends, the river,—an you."

"Of course," Chloe interrupted, "there's always Ant Jinnie's jubilee, an we kin pick cotton when the sun shines."

"And," added Duke, "we kin make love while it rains. Say you got a funny little syncopated beat in your heart. That's the way it is when a woman loves a man. Chloe," he blurted, "ah love ya. Ah'm no sentimental gent frum Georgia—"

Puddin Head was blaring through a meg. "See that lady with the fan!"

"But," continued Duke, "ah kin get two tickets for that Georgia place any time ya say." The moon was yellow.

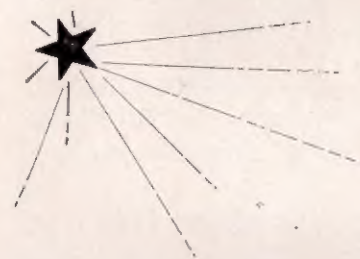
"How'm ah doin," whispered Duke. Busy lips could give no answer.

Saxes wailed plaintively. The rhythm was resonant. A high pitched clarinet played havoc with harmony in the dizzy heights of the register. Muted brass lent a tang and a sparkle to the melody. It seemed to carry Duke right off his feet. It beckoned and cried out for him.

"Hear them bells, Chloe? It must be long about midnight. It must be Christmas! Ah jus wanna sing one more farewell number, cause frum now on there's goin ta be three of us,—a trio—you, me, an Ole man river. Who said there ain't no Santa Claus?"

Peter Barreca

STARS ON A WINTER'S NIGHT



"NIGHT hath vanquished day!" As I find myself gazing both fixedly and wonderingly at those "countless suns" that dot the heavens, I become poignantly aware of their remarkable beauty and friendliness. The myriads of stars seem to hold a greater significance to me on a bleak winter night than on any night of another season. Perhaps it is due to the contrasting blackness of the sky with the white garmented earth that my eyes are so readily attracted upward only to rest on those numberless little lamps hung in the canopy of heaven.

It is, indeed, a glorious sight! As I peer between the heavily snow-laden branches of a near-by tree, the winking stars shine out as if smiling slightly to themselves in their infinite abode. I gaze over the crest of a neighboring roof. Twinkling stars meet my eyes; they remind me of beacons on the summit of a snow-capped mountain. The mystery of the black curtain of the sky is lessened by their constant steadfast light. Yes, they are beacons—all of them. God's beacons of eternity are ever shining reassuringly on a troubled, restless world. Brighter by far are they than any man-made light, more brilliant than any diamond.

Beauty, however, is not the only interest the stars hold for man. They are friendly, these stars—perhaps more so than many of us stop to realize.—Friendly in that they send forth upon this great earth their share, slight though it be, of light and warmth.

I remember one night I received a tremendous thrill out of really seeing star-light. I was in my room in the dark when I noticed something like a patch of the very palest moonlight on the white cover of my bed. It was not a moonlight night, and I had to look out of the window to understand the phenomenon. There, shining right in, was a big, bright planet; and in the light it cast on my bed I could distinctly make a shadow by moving my hand before it.

Of course, this was a planet, not a star—one of our own solar system, not one of the distant suns; but even those can cast a very small but perceptible amount of light on the earth.

But there is something that seems to me more wonderful yet. Through all the vast, cold depths of space, that far-off sun can send us a tiny bit of warmth—so small that we should never notice it, but not too small for a very delicate instrument to measure.

It is not probable that we shall ever come to depend greatly on this heat from the stars, but it is pleasant to know they are so friendly. It warms our hearts, if not our homes, to think that those distant orbs are sending us those messages of friendship!

As I now recall the exceptional brightness of the stars on a winter night, and consider the warmth that these heavenly bodies send unto our earth as a token of their undying friendship, there is one Star that rises uppermost in my mind. It is the Christmas Star! There is an exception to the measures of star-heat I have just been describing. The Christmas Star has warmed the earth as no other influence has ever done. Though it shone in the sky but once, it has been shining ever since in the memories of men. It has warmed many thousands of homes—and none of us can realize how bleak and cold the households of the earth would be had that Star never risen! It warms churches and schools and hospitals and homes for the helpless; it warms the chilly days of the closing year with countless gifts and greetings. Nobody can make me believe that Christmas giving is all selfish, that Christmas greetings are a mere form. Even if it is only a custom with some people, it is at least a custom that is worth while, if only for a short season. Even when you have merely pretended for a few days to radiate goodwill, it is just that much harder to go back to ill will again. Every Christmas greeting is a gain for the spirit of friendship.

So the warmth of the Christmas Star is not a thing too small to be measured, but too great. We shall never know all it has meant to the earth, and when all the stars shall perish, and our own sun burns to its last ember, the Christmas Star will shine on, brightening the undying souls of men unto the Perfect Day!

Barbara Heidel

WHITE CHRISTMAS



Mazton's deplorable desk, recently and ineffectually rearranged, reorganized, and restored . . . through the swinging, double-glassed door notated 116, ceaselessly propelled

BROAD, rubber-treaded stairs . . . leading to a typically white-curtained, half-glassed door . . . opening onto the clean, hush-footed corridor . . . smelly of antiseptics and anesthetics . . . the office . . . on the left . . . where white-clad, white-handed undergraduates surreptitiously chalked their noses . . . and memorized the conventional form of sympathizing with white-haired, white-faced inquirers because dear Aunt Martha had slipped away into the Great Unknown a few minutes before . . . On the right . . . down the quiet, dim-lit passage . . . past thin-lipped, thick-headed Jackson, savagely puffing toward the elevator with a tardy tray . . . beyond Hedda

by the jabbing feet of impatient internes and the starched backs of necrology-doped nurses . . . into the pandemonium, created in the General Supply Room by the termination of an important operation, and egged on to full swing by the proximity of Christmas—a day away.

The mood of the supply room was playfully light and unusually glib. Doctor Saks had fainted during the operation . . . the brilliant interne, Bridges, had been forced to carry on alone . . . successfully. The case was third floor-left wing 336 . . . the Allwyn youngster with the bad leg . . . plucky little fellow, those in the amphitheater-room said . . . he hadn't minded the ether at all . . . Bridges had taken a responsible and a somewhat remarkable interest too, in jolly little Tommy, the "Shining Light" of the dismal third floor . . . he played the "Star" to Bridges' "Wise Man" . . . why, of course the reference was silly, old man . . . but somehow symbolic . . . excellent thing the operation was successful, though . . . excellent thing all around . . . why, in no time, the young interne 'll be speeding home . . . and the younger patient 'll be listening to the Christmas Story from the book on the table up there . . . the gift from his Wise Man . . .

Sporadic hints of what had gone on in the past hour and a half were gasped out by Bridges between yankings at the stubborn buttons between his shoulder blades. An enthused white audience semi-circled about him, occasionally emitting thrilled I-knew-its and anxious Ah's and satisfied So's. A buzzer on the key-board sounded . . . Somebody reluctantly backed away from the group . . . The story went on in more puffs and gasps . . . The fastener on Bridges' collar had stuck.

With promise of only a minute's delay, Fenway shot out the door, skimmed up the back stairs, and presented himself brightly at 316. Jackson met him at the door, tight-lipped and ashen-faced.

"Better not tell the Wise Man his Star has . . . faded . . . away . . . Spoil his holiday . . . and all that . . ."

"How—um—just how—and—um—when—did it happen?" Fenway talked as he walked—in jerks and starts and odd moments of rapidity.

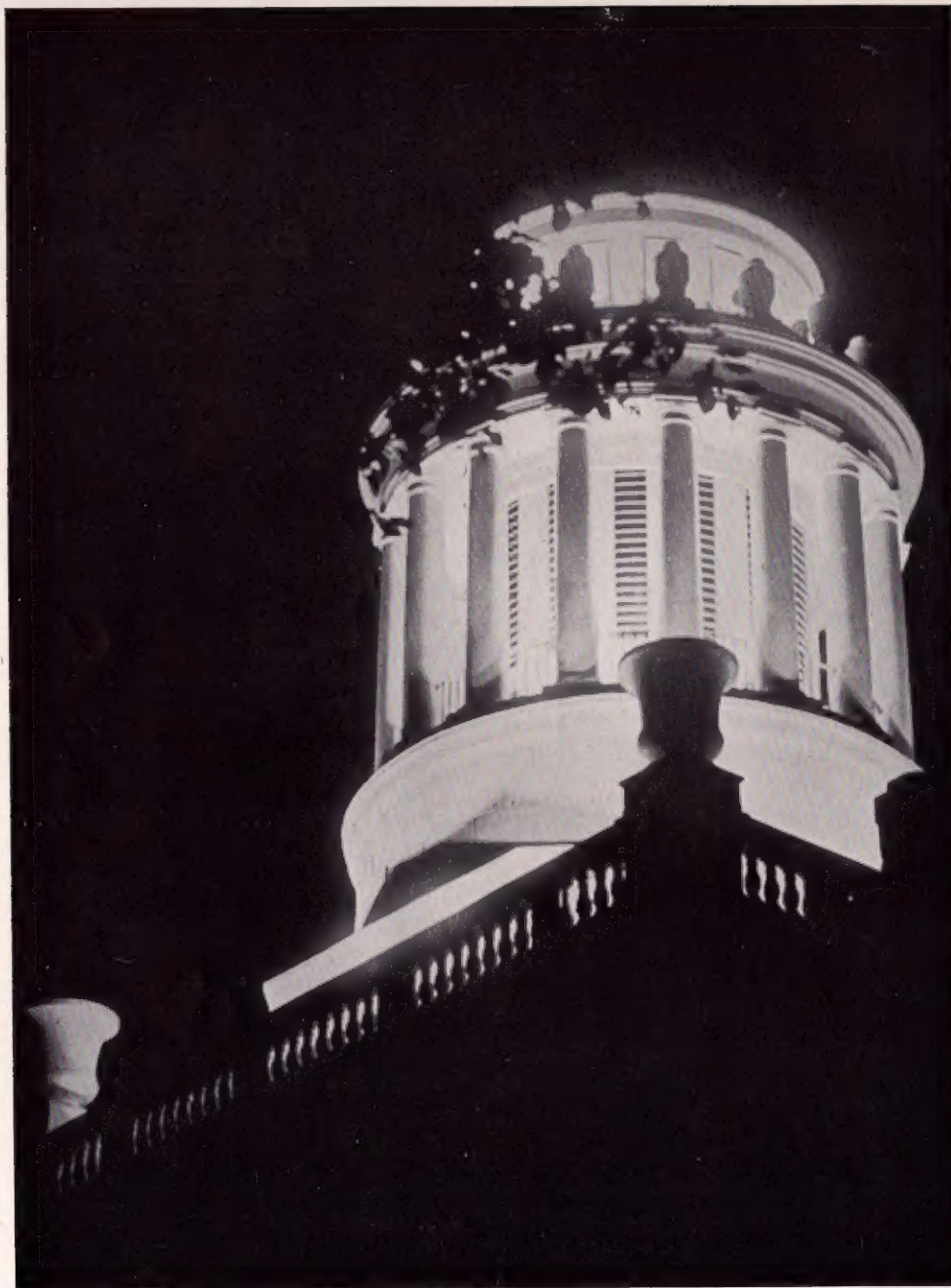
"Little chap must have come out of it . . . his book was on the other side of the table . . . open at the wrong picture . . . wanted the Guiding Star-Three Wise Men, you know . . . tried to get it . . . I found him a few minutes ago . . . asked me to find his picture for him . . . smiled at it . . . and sighed . . . and . . . and . . ."

* * * * *

The story was still advancing in jerks and starts when Fenway, having descended to the first floor in somewhat the same manner, wearily kicked open the door of 116. The usual curiosity interrupted the narration. Bridges himself wanted to know "What's up?"

"Why—um—nothing—um—nothing 't all . . . A—um—a light—a light went out—um—on the third—um—on the third floor."

Virginia Bickford



Arthur Palmer

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR



TAD didn't mind being crippled. No, he didn't mind—he'd really never known any different. Born with a paralyzed leg, he had never been able to romp and play with the other youngsters of the neighborhood. All he could do was lean on his crutches and watch, a wistful little spectator. There was a time when the children would come and talk with him and play with his toys. But now it was winter and they were either jumping in the snow or away skating and sliding. It had been a long time since any of them had stopped to see him; even though they did wave at him in his window as they passed merrily by. Day after day he sat in that window, watching them, and listening to the cheerful sound of their voices fade into the distance. At times there came to him gloomy streaks—periods of melancholy. Then he would sit at the window and imagine that he saw himself running and playing with the others. He would see himself leading them in their sports; winning every race. Then he would think of his crutches, lying against his chair and serving as grim reminders of his fate. The illusion would vanish, and little Tad, with the fortitude of ten enduring years, would return to actuality.

It was the day before Christmas. Tad was sitting, as usual, in his window, watching the children outside engage in a snowball fight. But Tad wasn't quite so interested as usual. He was thinking. Tonight was the night before Christmas, and every year on this night, the Carolers from the corner church would walk through the streets, singing their carols. Every year, for as far back as he could remember, Tad had sat up and listened to the Carolers. Once in a while they would stop at one of the houses and sing a song especially for the tenants. But they had never stopped at Tad's. Each year he would wait anxiously at his little window, his mother seated beside him, hoping that they would stop. But always they passed by. Tad, however, did not lose courage. With each succeeding year, he sat again and again at the window—watching and hoping. This year was no exception.

Outside, the children, engaged in their struggle, did not notice the diminutive figure in the window, outlined in the gathering dusk. And because they did not notice, they did not see its reverent little face raised toward the sky, and praying only that the Carolers might pause beneath his window that night. Doubtless, if they had seen, many of them would have scoffed. For, blessed with sound, healthy bodies, they could not appreciate the feelings of this poor little chap who was deprived of the joys and advantages of youth.

And, doubtless, they would have wondered, as a large grey car stopped in front of the house, why the sorrowful face in the window was transformed to one of glee and anticipation.

For to Tad Oliver that car meant Dr. Shelley. And Dr. Shelley meant long talks about far away places and strange things. About battles and voyages and deeds of daring. Tad wouldn't miss it for the world! He was already at the door when the Doctor rang.

"Hello, Dr. Shelley!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Why, hello there, Tad; how goes it today?" Dr. Shelley replied as usual.

"Oh, okay, I guess," said Tad rather half-heartedly.

"Well, I must say, you don't sound very convincing," laughed the Doctor. "Are you all set for Christmas?"

"Uh-huh."

"I've brought you something," said the Doctor rather mysteriously.

"You did? Gee! Where is it?"

"Now, now, not so fast. Come, we'll go into the living room. I want your mother to hear about it, too."

In the living room, Dr. Shelley made Tad and his mother sit down in front of him, by the fireplace. Then he spoke, very seriously:

"Tad, I've brought you perhaps the greatest Christmas present you've ever had and probably ever will have! It—"

"Gosh; what is it?" Tad interrupted impatiently.

"It's news."

"News? But,—Why,—Well,—How can that be a present?" Tad was obviously disappointed.

"Tad," the Doctor put both his hands on the boy's shoulders, "how would you like to be well and strong? To be able to romp and play with the other fellows? To run races, and climb fences and play football?"

"What? You mean just like all the other kids—with no crutches or anything? Oh, gosh! Do you really mean it, Dr. Shelley?"

Dr. Shelley smiled—a broad knowing smile that contrasted strangely with the fearful rapture on the face of his patient.

"Yes, Tad, I mean just that. You see, for some time your mother and I have been trying to negotiate with the Charity Hospital to perform the necessary operation. So far we had failed. But just when everything looked hopeless, I happened to land it; and next week they're going to take you to the hospital. Then it won't be long before you're out having snowball fights with the rest of the gang! 'Course it'll take time, but if you're patient and brave, which I know you are, it won't seem like any time at all."

"Gee, Dr. Shelley, you're the swellest guy in the world!" exclaimed Tad. Then he noticed his mother: "Hey, Mom, what are you crying for; aren'tcha glad I'm going to be able to walk?"

"Oh, Tad, of course I'm glad. But Mother's so happy that her little boy is going to be well and strong that she's crying for joy."

But Tad, having had no experience with womanly ways, did not understand. So he left her with Dr. Shelley. He always knew how to fix things.

It was eight o'clock that evening when Tad's mother went to tell him that the carolers were coming. But she found Tad already by the window. Neither of them spoke. They never did. They just liked to sit there, wrapped in each other's arms, and listen to the carols.

There was a silvery moon above, and shining upon the great white quilt that was the Earth, and upon the silhouetted Carolers, as they wended their way along, it provided a scene of appropriate beauty.

The carolers were singing *The First Noel*. Softly and clearly the sounds of vocal harmony floated through the cold winter air. Now they had stopped in front of a house just up the street, where they sang to the occupants. And finishing, they resumed their journey.

Up in a tiny window, two pathetic souls huddled closely together, praying fervently. The one for the sake of her boy's happiness; the other because he had waited so long.

On the carolers came, singing their beautiful songs. And then they stopped. Yes, stopped in front of the tiny window and sang to the two lonely souls. Little did they realize the comfort and joy they were bringing; and that as they passed on down the street, singing

the beautiful *It Came Upon A Midnight Clear*, those two souls were no longer lonely.

Tad was sobbing. And his mother, having had experience with boyish ways, understood. Carefully she tucked him into bed and bade him goodnight, striving the while to hide the joyous mist in her own eyes.

Slowly, after long hours of restless wakefulness, the Blanket of Sleep covered the little lad. Happily he snuggled closer beneath the sheets. He saw himself, through the window, laughing, running and playing. Leading the others. Winning races. Then he saw his crutches—and he laughed! Laughed, because he was well and strong, and no longer needed those horrible implements.

And as he at last closed his weary little eyes, a beautiful vision came before him—a vision of peace and contentment. And the song of the carolers floated through his mind, as he saw them fade into the horizon:

"It Came Upon A Midnight Clear. . . ."

Somewhere in the distance, a tower clock tolled out the hour of twelve.

THE END

Richard S. Burdick

LIFE AND DEATH IN CHINA

WHATEH opened his eyes and saw the face of his mother in the dim light which had filtered through the oiled paper of the window. He in turn awakened his numerous brothers and sisters who lay next to him in the bed, for in China the whole family, no matter how large, sleep in the same bed, which is composed of wooden slats placed on two benches. They do this



for two reasons, because there is not enough room for two beds in their one room houses and because they have so few bed-clothes that they have to sleep together for warmth.

After breakfast, which was just rice with a little gravy sparingly spread on it, he did the morning chores. These consisted solely of kicking the pig out of doors, that is, if they had enough money to own a pig. Then Wha Teh, with his mother and father left for work, leaving the younger children in charge of the oldest daughter. Wha Teh's family was lucky in the fact that they lived near one of the foreign owned mills and were able to get jobs in it. They were also lucky in the fact that the mill owners paid wages of eight cents a day instead of seven as in some of the mills. They enter the mill at six and their shift will be over at five that night. Here again they are lucky and Wha Teh thanks his gods that he has a day shift and has to work only eleven hours instead of thirteen as the night shift has to.



At twelve one of Wha Teh's sisters came hobbling in with his dinner which was more rice with a small piece of fish on top of it. He ate this while attending his loom, and talking to his friends. All the while the looms are going steadily because they are only stopped once every ten days so that they can be oiled. Wha Teh must be very careful how he moves about the looms as none of them are caged in and the belts are just whirling without any protective covering. Many times he has seen his friends caught in them and some times they were badly injured. Once at the loom next to him a boy was caught in a swiftly moving belt and mangled so that when the machinery was stopped he was hardly recognizable. Of course there are laws prohibiting the use of unprotected machinery, but they are never enforced and so Wha Teh must be very careful and pray to his gods long and often.

At last the whistle blows and he puts on his outer jacket and leaves the mill with his mother and father. Wha Teh finally reaches home and finds supper waiting for him, the inevitable rice. After supper he goes out for a breath of fresh air such as there is and maybe slings some mud at a rich member of the upper class riding home in a gin-rickshaw. Then he may go with some of his friends to watch the official dragon-maker making the dragon for the New Year's Festival, for New Year's Day is one of the most important religious festivals in China and is celebrated throughout the country. On New Year's Eve about seventy or eighty selected men get in a large dragon with a frame work of bamboo and covered with oiled paper. In this tremendous dragon are lanterns strapped in the framework. Wha Teh is very happy because his father is one of the chosen men and so his family is sure to have a very successful year.

It is now getting dark, and Wha Teh hastily wends his way home before the onrushing darkness as it is dangerous to be out after dark with all the devils around. When he reaches home his father closes the door, which, being the only entrance, is painted red with queer dragons and serpents on it in black to keep the devils out! The window also has the same designs on it. Periodically through the year the designs are changed as the different devil-seasons arrive. This is Life in China.

Wha Teh goes to bed but he does not sleep, as the oldest son of the family next door has died and the neighbors are taking turns wailing and trying to call back his spirit. Evidently they are not successful so they send for some priests who presently arrive and start beating drums and wailing in turn. This is kept up for three days and then they decide that the boy is truly dead and that his spirit has gone to heaven. So they consult the Ling Poo who consults the elements and decides when it is time to bury the body. The family of the deceased may have to wait days before the elements are favorable. Then the body is buried and much paper money is burned so that the dead person will have plenty of cash to take care of himself in heaven. If the family is fairly wealthy, a chicken may be killed at the time of interment, and incense burned so that as the dead man's soul goes to heaven, the incense will keep it clean. When the body is buried the family stops sorrowing and goes on again in their usual routine living in the same way. This is Death in China.

Edward Cotter



YE QUEST OF YE XMAS TURKEY

ONCE upon a tyme there liveth a Bigge Shotte, who didst have ye big wad of dough and much leisure, who didst desire to go ahunting for his Christmas turkey. Ye Bigge Shotte didst attire himself in ye hunting raiment which made of him a bryghte and shynynge lyghte.¹ As he didst climb into his anciente ark,² whom didst he gaze upon perchance but his muche "beloved" brothere-in-lawe³ who didst promptly make laughter and inquire, "Whither goest thou with ye glad ragges and artyllerie?"

And ye Bigge Shotte didst make reply, "Canst not see that I am off for a huntynge joust, thou cross eyed mutte wythe eares like ye elephante?" "But," responded ye brothere-in-lawe, "canst thou hitte whate'er thou myghtest see, thou dunker of stale doughnuts? Thou dost of a certaintie shoote ye bulle much better than ye fowlynge-piece!"

Now ye pride of ye Bigge Shotte was sorely wounded, and he did hasten to reply: "The Devile with thee, fellow, but I will make with thee a wager: A case of my best ale against a boxe of thy good cigars that I dost shoote ye turkey."

"Thou art nutzze,"⁴ sayeth ye brother-in-law, "but beate it."⁵

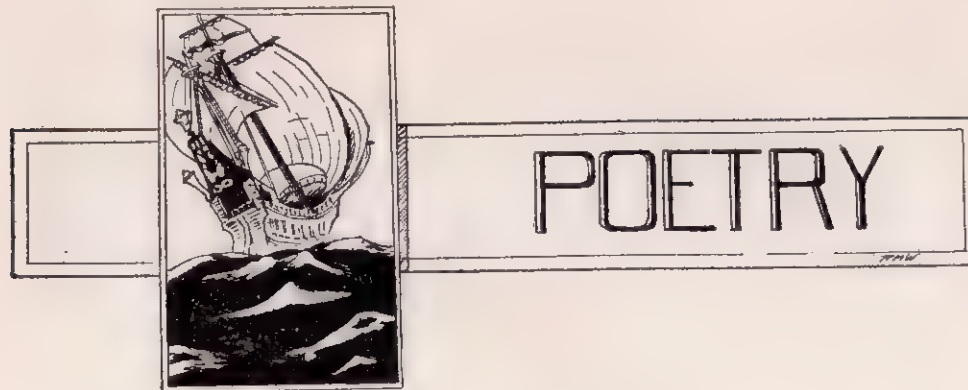
Then did ye Bigge Shotte set forthe and cover much of ye land. But every field he didst enter a farmer wouldst come atearng⁶ and threaten to tickle ye britches of ye Bigge Shotte with ye pitche-fork if he didst not skramme,⁷ and they wouldst call ye Bigge Shotte a "consarned cytie slyckere."⁸ Then before longe ye sunne didst wayne and wyth heavie hearte didst ye Bigg Shotte pointe ye ark towards home. The thoughte didst come to his mynde to get ye turkey at ye butcher shoppe. However ye Bigge Shotte was ye reale sporte and decided to procure the ale and paye off ye wager. He would have to sette forthe ye alybie⁹ though.

When ye Bigge Shotte didst pulle in to his domicile he didst get ye mighty berry¹⁰ from ye missus¹¹ and ye double finger wave¹² from ye brothere-in-lawe who didst say, "When thou hearest me smakyng my lippes overe thy bottles of bugge-juice,¹³ stay thee in thyne owne chamber for there will be naught of welcome for thee in mine."

To endeth this storie I myght say that ye Bigge Shotte now does ye shooting of ye fowlynge-piece at Nick's Gallerie, ye shottes at two for five centtes.

Robert Slater

1. Similar to ye Christmas tree.
2. Ye auto: syn. boate, tynne lyzze, puddle jumpere, chariote.
3. Ye sponging relative of ye wyfe.
4. looney—hast bats in thy belfry.
5. Betake thyself away—travelle hastylye.
6. On ye deade runne.
7. Flee hastylye as from ye coppes.
8. Dweller of ye towne—wyze guye.
9. "Just as thou art readie to pull ye trigger, ye winde bloweth dust in thine eyes," etc.
10. Ye birdie—ye tongue bazoope.
11. Slange for ye olde lady—ye bettere halfe.
12. Ye thumbynge of ye schnozzle.
13. Ye beverage which doth produce ye wonderfule hange overe.



THE SWEETEST STORY . . .
 "Peace on Earth, to men Good Will,"
 The Angels sang;
 Loud and clear, and sweeter still
 Their message rang.

Shepherds watching flocks by night
 Had seen a Star, --
 Streaming radiant glory bright,
 And followed far.

Wise Men humbly came to bring
 Their treasures rare,
 Knelt before a baby King
 And worshipped there.

Ages since on Christmas Days
 The World has smiled,
 Turned from thoughts of strife to praise
 The Holy Child.

Mary O'Boyle '35



KINGS OF THE SWORD

Are ye men who will fight for the law and the right,
 Who are bold in the thick of the fray;
 Are ye warriors quick to the field and the foe
 And tardy in yielding the day?

Do ye sing out a song when the way is long
 Though your bodies are crying for rest;
 When the burden is heavy and yet must be born,
 Do ye lighten the load with a jest?

Are ye true to your Lord as ye are with the sword,
 And as zealous in guarding His name;
 Do ye credit with honor the titles ye bear,
 And do nothing to sully their fame?

If indeed ye are bold, love a jest well told,
 And are true in your trust to the Lord,
 Ye are worthy of bearing the title of Kings,
 Of the chivalrous Kings of the Sword.

Charles Kline, Jr.

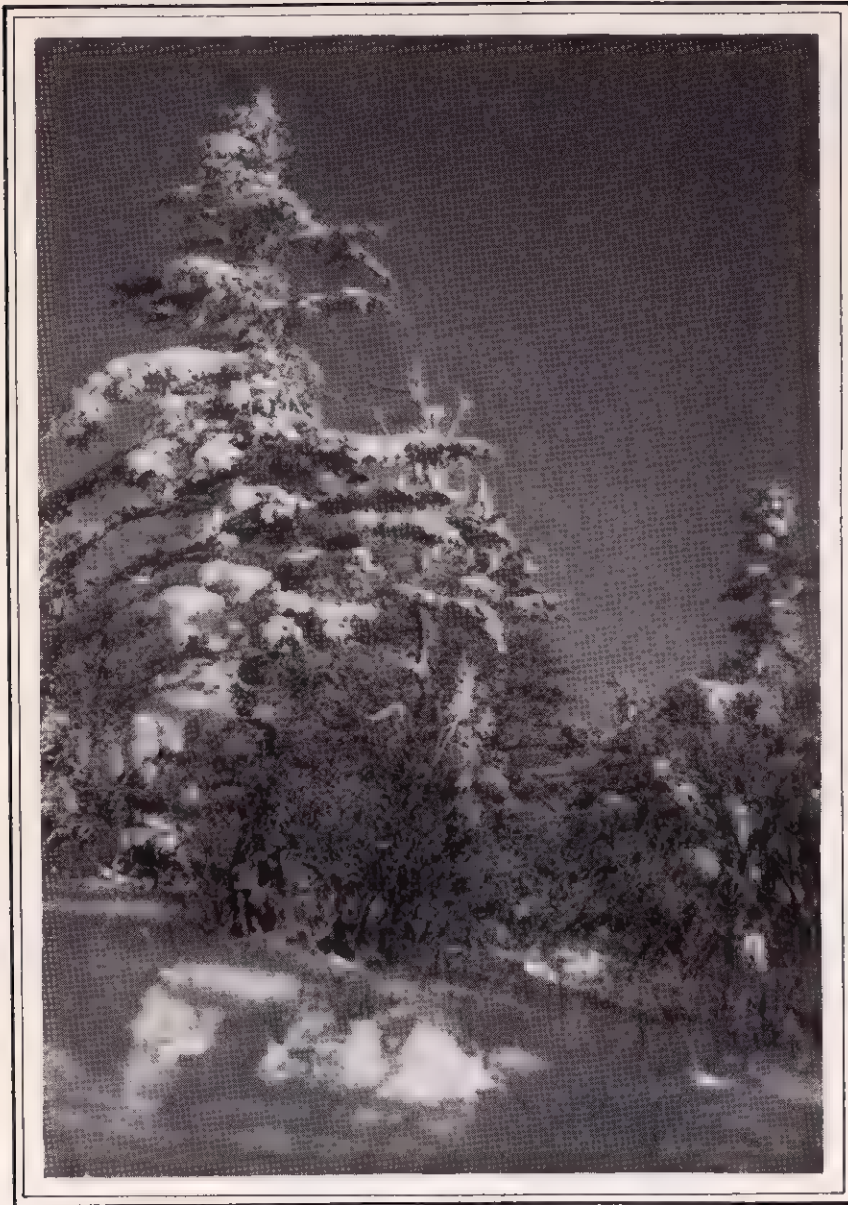
I WISH YOU KNEW

My faith in you was quite complete,
 I never dreamed you'd ever go,
 But then you passed me on the street,
 And didn't even say hello.

I never knew what brought the end,
 You didn't bother to explain,
 It seemed my heart would never mend,
 Nor ever lose its heavy pain.

But time has passed, and now I can,
 Like someone else, not think of you,
 I'm happy now and free again,
 And, oh, I just wish that you knew!

Doris Young



NEW ENGLAND WINTER

Winter in the Berkshires
Cold and ice and snow;
Blizzard on the mountain,
Hear the North Wind blow!

Skating in the Berkshires
Hearty ring of steel,
All the joyous skaters
Tingling gladness feel.

Snowstorm in the city,
Streets are gleaming white,—
Sons of old New England
Have a snowball fight.

Coasting on the hillside,—
Flying down we go!
Then we'll build a snowman
Out of sparkling snow.

Winter in New England
Bleak and snowy land, —
Yet everyone will ask you,
"Isn't Winter grand?"

Mary O'Boyle '35



EXALTATION

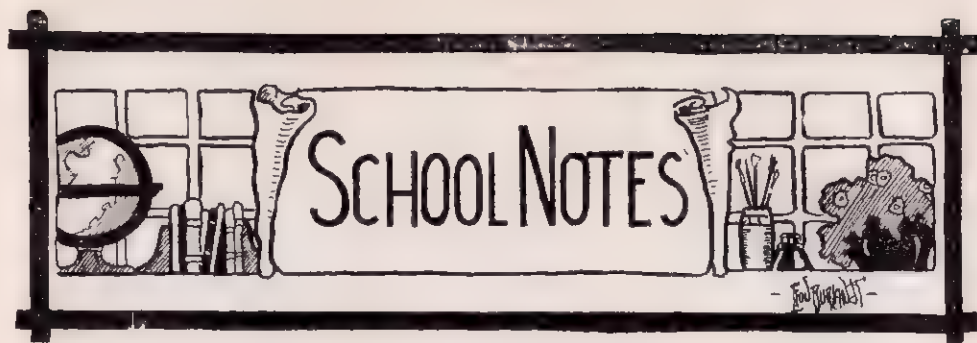
The organ plays its muted strain,
The choir chants in praise
For Christmas Morn is here again.
That gladsome Day of Days.

They emulate the angel throng
That sang in days of old,
And in the cadence of their song
Great hopes and joys are told.

As each sweet measure soars on high
How near to God we are
When Heaven and peace and hope draw nigh
And earthly things are far.

A holy hush descends o'er all,
We join in silent prayer:
Our hearts shall hear and heed the call
And know a peace so rare.

Roberta Bufo



TO HOLD TEA DANCE

On Wednesday, December 19, Coach Carmody and Miss McLaughlin held another of the current tea dances in the Gymnasium. The dance was for the benefit of the Athletic Fund, and was well attended.



GIRLS' PARTY

The annual Girls' Party, arranged for the girls by the super-able faculty, was held December 14. It included a grand and unique fashion show, in which students acted as mannikins with Miss Pfeiffer as announcer. The models presented the suitable costume for every hour and class of the day, including such highlights as dinner gowns for the cafeteria and football suits for traffic officers. Miss P. H. S. donned a light tea gown for office call since "wearing a winter costume in anticipation of a freeze-out is unthinkable to any well-bred girl"—to quote Miss McCormick, who wrote the clever skit and planned the fashion show—"for the freeze-out comes soon enough".

The program also included vocal solos by Ethel Ferris, piano selections by Ellen Duxbury, and a dance by Miss McLaughlin's group, followed by a burlesque of the same dance by a group of women teachers. The dance itself, given by eight girls, was a beautiful piece of work and represented the expenditure of both time and much

effort on the parts of the girls and the teacher. Those taking part in the travesty of the dance were the Misses McLaughlin, Ward, Davison, Millet, Murphy, and Musgrove. Miss Reilly gave her services in the making of the costumes of both numbers.

Everybody then adjourned to the gym for an hour of dancing, and the evening ended with the serving of refreshments in the cafeteria. Miss Gerrett directed the Household Arts girls in the making of the delicious cookies which everyone so greatly enjoyed and in the serving of the refreshments. Sincere thanks are extended to Miss Solon who was responsible for the presence of plenty of ice cream.

So many of the faculty and girls took part in the events of the program and worked diligently to make the party a success that it is impossible to list all the names; however, Miss Parker wishes to express her warmest gratitude to everyone who contributed to the party's success by their presence, enthusiasm or help.



BENEFIT PICTURES

On Tuesday, December 18, Mr. Victor Cote showed moving pictures of the 1932 Olympic Games in the High School Auditorium. A minimum charge of ten cents was made which is to go toward a benefit for Captain "Tiny" Simmons.

December, 1934

[23]

JINX ON CAPTAINS

It seems that our sports' captains have a jinx hovering over them. So far, two have "bit the dust". It is rumored that "Steve" Trepacz' position is none to be envied!



TO HOLD DEBATE

Principal Roy M. Strout has given permission to the Debating Club to hold a formal debate in the High School Auditorium within a month or six weeks. In the event that the debate is a success, permission will then be granted to hold the much-discussed Mock Trial. So far no teams have been appointed. The Debating Club now has its own constitution which describes method of club procedure, duties and powers of the officers, and by-laws.



PROM CHAIRMAN

At a recent meeting of the Junior A class, Richard Burdick was elected general chairman of the Prom. He has chosen the following committee chairmen: Joseph Failla, decoration; William Kidney, house; Robert Hopkins, tickets; Charles Kline, invitations; Roma Levy, refreshments; and Mary Conry, reception. The Prom is to be held January 11, in the High School gymnasium. Milton J. Herrick, of the mathematics department, is adviser to the class.



TEACHERS BEING TAUGHT

Mr. Conroy, Mr. Moran and Mr. Lynch are taking special courses at Amherst College on Sociological Philosophy of Education. The courses are for credits in obtaining masters' degrees.

DANCING CLASSES

About 150 boys are attending dancing classes held every Thursday, under the direction of Miss Margaret McLaughlin and Coach John Carmody, instructors of physical education. It is said that the boys are advancing rapidly, and it is hoped the class will result in a greater attendance of the Junior Prom.



SENIOR COMMITTEES

Lois Turner has chosen the following for her Senior A Picture Committee: Catherine Osborne, Norma Cady, Edward LeFebvre and Raymond Fresa.

Robert McRell, chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee has selected as assistants, Eunice Dieter, Catherine Casavant, Robert Perry, and Chester Ciskowski.

On the Class Day Committee, Edmund Hebler, chairman, there are, Dorothy Poulin, Richard Crown, John Guericio, Margaret Leslie, Dorothy Lovejoy, Joseph DeFazio, and Ethel Kendall.

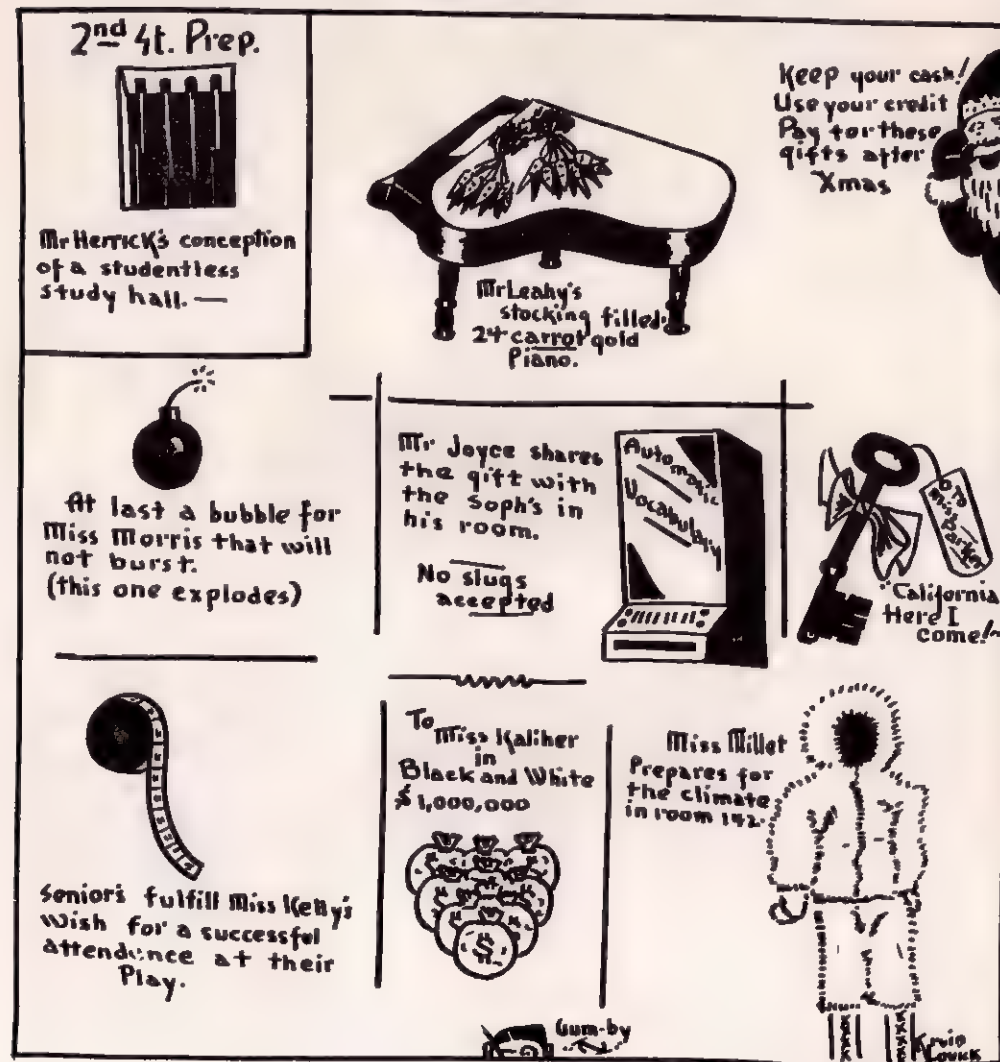


"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"

Miss Kelly, coach of the forthcoming Senior Play, to be held January 4, 1935, in the Auditorium has announced the personnel of the cast, which follow: Janet Meade, Thom Kelly, Francis Cooper, Ada Jaffe, Betty Bickford, Frank Miller, Chester Ciskowski, Evelyn Roberts, August Herd, Ruth Taylor, Frank Woodside, Robert Perry, and Mildred Klein.

This play is now running on Broadway with marked success and recently appeared in this city as a moving picture.

"XMAS GIFTS— For the Faculty"



CHRISTMAS WISHES OF THE FACULTY

NAME	DOMAIN	WISH FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT
MISS JORDAN	143	a pencil long enough to last all year and provided with a chain to be fastened around her neck.
MISS DALY	149	another class like her Spanish 3!
MR. CONROY	320	a suit to replace the one that was stolen from a cleaning establishment.
MISS CONLIN	101	a "gadget" that will locate lost articles at a moment's notice.
MISS CASEY	138	an auditorium full of pupils who will not chew gum during an assembly program.
MISS WHITMIRE	231	a new typewriter for each of her pupils.
MR. HOLLY		a class in salesmanship in which every pupil desires to work.
MISS NEWTON	212	five perfect classes in shorthand and typewriting who will study and pass the course with an A. one pair of roller skates to go from the East side of the building to the West. one whole day when all teachers and pupils can chew gum vigorously.
MISS ENRIGHT		an ocean trip.
MISS McLAUGHLIN	gym	a dancing costume to make her more graceful. some new jazz victrola records.
MR. INNIS	137	a blackboard for the back of his room. a new German phonetic dictionary to replace the one which walked out of his room many moons ago and never returned.
MR. LYNCH	332	the leisure time of the janitors,—in order to improve his Demosthenes orations!
MISS LILLIAN A. PREDIGER		gave us a letter to mail, addressed to Santa Claus, of all people! The temptation was too great. We read it - Dear Santa, Realizing that a financial depression is being experienced, I am requesting but one gift this year. Please deliver unto me the miscreant who surreptitiously borrowed my fountain pen. The letter was written in pencil.
MR. HERRICK	103	Study Hall without pupils.
MR. A. P. GOODWIN	145	a few more girls in his solid geometry classes, and models of polyhedrons, and pyramids and cones, and spheres, and plane intersections.
MISS WARD	gym	curly hair
MISS KENNEDY	102	a wish that all her "students" pass.
MR. HERBERG		students who do not groan when a test is announced, and who do not beg for partial credit when the papers are corrected; students who do not blink when I use a word of over three syllables and who listen with raptured interest to my lectures on mathematical esthetics; students who take me seriously when I tell them how hard algebra used to be in the good old days, and how easy it is today; students who do not yawn when I try to convince them that mathematics is of vital importance to every man, woman, and child; students who agree with me that a certain minimum amount of homework, well done, is both necessary and desirable; students who can hardly wait to get to their mathematics class and are loathe to leave it—even for lunch; students who—why go on? Rather than wish for the impossible I'll accept P. H. S. students as the next best thing to perfection.
MR. MEEHAN	147	red pepper, to bring some of his classes to life.

NAME	DOMAIN	WISH FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT
MR. CARMODY	gym	to see students of P. H. S. participating in intramural athletics with the zest and entirety that he has dreamed of.
MR. SMITH	109	an orchestra which will play "Poet and the Peasant" at sight -with expression.
MISS HODGES	201	large, new dictionaries for study halls. knowledge of <i>how</i> to drive a car if she be given a car.
MR. LEAHY	316	solid gold piano (chemically pure, Au, 24 karat).
MISS McCORMICK	240	very latest 1935 model reindeer for Xmas, with streamlined horns and chassis. students are asked to use the north chimney.
MR. FORD	office	to go abroad thru England and the central continent.
MR. STROUT	office	the continuance of the same splendid cooperation from the students and teachers. What more could I want?
MISS PARKER	office	a trip to California. negative wish: no automobiles!
MISS KALIHER	208	about \$1,000,000 to keep three laps ahead of the sheriff. I want to keep my car on the highways all winter.
MISS PFEIFFER	233	a chance to stay in bed and sleep late in the morning.
MR. McKENNA	235	a course in penmanship a la Kaliher.
MISS DAVISON	303	complete set of A1 classes.
MR. CAREY	148	a wish that every one will have a very Merry Xmas on him.
MISS COLLINS		a trip to Bermuda.
MISS NAGLE	108	a happy 1935 for everyone in PHS.
MISS MORSE	208	because of so many colds, one large handkerchief.
MISS VIGER	231	an automobile, some new clothes, and some <i>quiet</i> PHS students.
MR. DAVISON	321	nothing—(but he did mention a lack of test tubes).
MISS MURPHY	203	more pep. and more financial security.
MISS KELLY	140	guarantee that the Senior play will be a success.
MR. HENNESSEY	305	a class in Biology I that can pass a test.
MISS POWER	243	bright, sparkling weather for Xmas day.
MR. MURRAY	239	a good history class.
MISS JARRET		a class for cooking with "clean" aprons.
MISS MUSGROVE	library	students as interested in their studies as they are in football.
MR. DENNISON	306	modern streamlined automobile which can travel at least 120 miles per hour.
MR. McMAHON	238	a respite from the persistent reporters who constantly hound me, asking what I want for Xmas when I don't know myself.
MR. JOYCE	202	automatic vocabulary increase for all Sophomore B's I have in my classes.
MISS MORRIS	243	"a bubble which will not burst."
MISS DOWNS	241	best wishes of all my students for Xmas.
MISS REISER	335	Senior class to leave her money to buy a new victrola for her commercial classes.
MR. NUGENT	337	bookkeeping desks with "run proof" sides.
MR. KRIGER	344	"Superior Ice Cream Sets".
MISS H. CARMEL	149	small home room with quiet pupils in it.
MR. HAYES	141	volume containing explanations of Accounting Terminology to clarify absorbing discussions in the teachers' rooms on the first lunch period.
MR. STEWART	gym	a couple of appendicitis-less squads, and a shiny new automobile.
MR. GEARY	104	popcorn.
MR. GOODWIN	110	a merry Christmas to everyone.
MR. SHERIDAN	205	has everything his heart desires.
MISS DOYLE		Some real cold weather so she will have reason to button up her coat.
MR. LYNCH		longer lunch period.
MISS D. CARMEL	231	a fountain pen that will stay filled.

On the Editor's Desk



THIS department received so many kind words, oral and written, that I am encouraged to continue the column.

* * * *

Our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery are extended to John Gull.—Don't you worry, Stephen Trepacz, we appealed to that famous "Butter toast" magician and the jinx of the captains has been called off.

* * * *

A census taken recently to determine what the illustrious members of our faculty desired from Santa Cluas provided much entertainment and developed no end of wishes, and wishes, and wishes. Turn to page 25 and learn how to get an A.

* * * *

This is au revoir when the print is dry on this page I shall be ready to relinquish my sceptre to my successor. Creating new ideas for the PEN and seeing it well into its 42nd year has given me a responsibility and great happiness. To work with the staff I have had, has been an unusual experience—I don't know of a more agreeable and willing group to work with. My hat's off to them!

* * * *

"Bee" Bouley still contends that the essential quality of an ideal teacher is the quality of mercy. Where did you get that idea, Beatrice?

* * * *

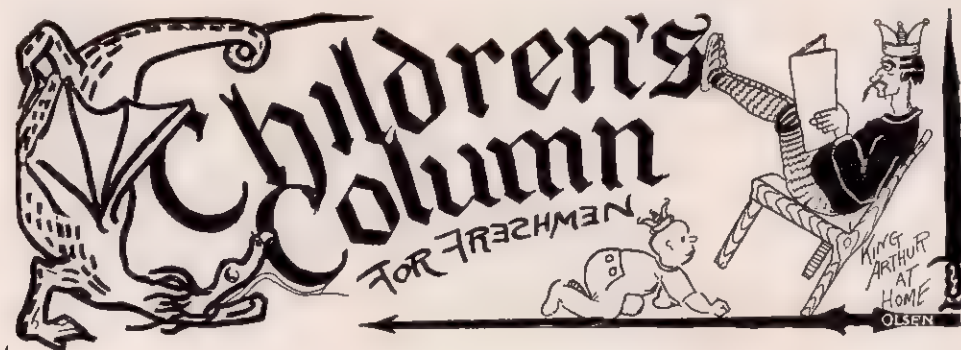
Mary had a little lamb.
Her father knocked it dead.
So now she carries it to school
Between two chunks of bread.

* * * *

There is one bright Junior B, who says that he came up from New York in an open car with the top down; it was raining, but they went so fast, they didn't even get wet! (Try to swallow that).

* * * *

THE STUDENT'S PEN staff extends to the faculty and students of Pittsfield High School its best wishes for a Merry Christmas.



A FAIRY TALE

WELL, children, here it is the night before christmas and santa claus is going to reward all good little boys and girls, but as for you, edgar, all you're going to get is a hunk of coal or a leg of a chair for putting red pepper into santa's cake. that was a very mean thing to do edgar and you will be properly punished for it. suppose santa had sneezed out his false teeth or burned his tongue, what would you have done then? as for you percival, you little snip, santa doesn't think much of boys who put glue on the cafeteria seats. that too is a cravenly trick. perhaps tho, if you mend your ways, santa will give you two pieces of coal instead of one next year.

as for you good boys and girls, i am sure you will be amply repaid for being nice children and get just what you want for christmas. what! susanella, you want ski pants for christmas? why the very idea. santa ain't a millyunaire and besides you know ski pants aren't allowed in this school. banish the thought at once and hope for a game of tiddleywinks instead. it's a much more beneficial occupation.

and now if the rest of you will all go to bed at seven-thirty (7.30) tonight, and leave ant emma's stockings alone—why don't you use your own for a change?—and present all your teachers with little gifts, and give oswald two cracks on the bean for suggesting homework over the vacation, i will tell you another fairy story soon.

*the stewdint's fren'
ant kitty*

AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

Miss MARY A. KELLY (from studyhall viewpoint)

Domain: 140

Subject: English

Great accomplishment: Has not yet murdered some of the miscreants who occupy seats in 231 during the sixth period.

Famous saying: Unless that noise stops, I'll ask three or four of you people to come to my room at 2.30.

Second ditto: Go to your seat, John.

Present pastime: Helping absent minded boys find their seats.

Miss DORIS R. CARMEL

Domain: 231

Subject: Typing

Great accomplishment: Has firmly implanted in the minds of all who ever entered 231 just WHAT her views on loquacity are.

Famous saying: All right, you people are excused now.

Second ditto: If you people want a class after school for talking out of turn, just keep it up.

Present pastime: Endeavoring to reduce 231 to a state of sweet, silent submission.



'33 Eric Stahl has won the distinction of election to the Phi society because of his high scholastic standing at Colgate University.

Sylvia Hendricks, a student at Radcliffe College, is following a purely scientific course; she is taking zoology, anthropology and geology and will major either in zoology or in anthropology.

Jean Roser, a sophomore at Bucknell University, made the Dean's list last year and so far this year. She is a member of Alpha Pi Omega sorority.

John Roser, also a sophomore at Bucknell University, is living at his fraternity house, Alpha Chi Mu.

Dorothy Alice Dresser, a sophomore at the University of Pittsburgh, was chairman for the Gridiron Brunch—a breakfast-luncheon given by the Custom's committee for the freshmen before the Notre Dame football game. She is chairman and publicity manager of the Debating Club.

Robert Hawley, a third year man at the University of Cincinnati, is taking a Commercial Engineering course. He is House Manager of Delta Tau Delta and an officer in R. O. T. C.

Vincent Montsinger, a freshman at the University of North Carolina, is taking a pre-dental course preparatory to becoming an oral surgeon. He is a member of Chi Phi, a national fraternity.

John Head, a sophomore at Colgate University, is majoring in psychology. He has joined the fraternity Delta Upsilon.

Albert Lucas, a sophomore in the Chemical Engineering Department, has been elected assistant manager of 1935-36 Football team at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Last year he was manager of the Freshman football team. He is affiliated with Phi Mu Delta fraternity.

'34 Robert A. Shaw has entered the School of Science and Technology of Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Viola Surowiec earned maximum honors for the fall term which has just closed at Bay Path Institute. This recognition requires the student to have all grades for the term above 80 per cent and at least one half above 90 per cent.

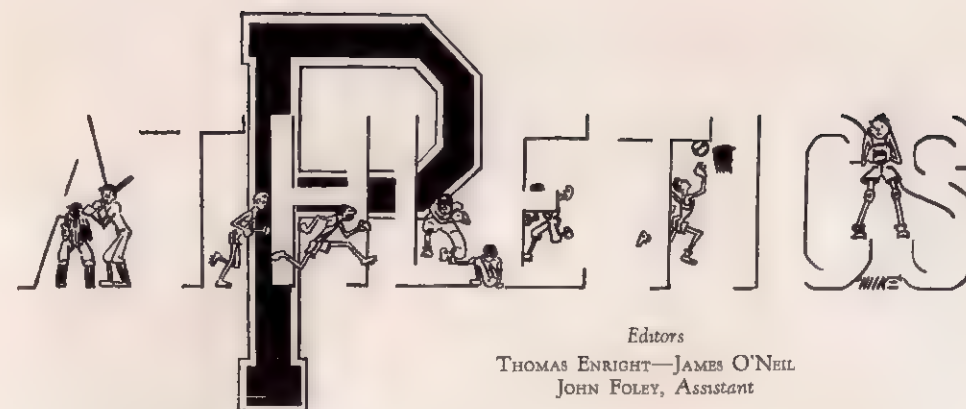
Dudley Head at a line position and Charles Kidney at right halfback played on the Taft football team that defeated Hotchkiss at Watertown, Connecticut this fall.

Hugh Downey has been elected to the Freshman Debating Club at Williams College and his first debate will be at the college on December nineteenth. Mr. Downey has joined the Commons Club—a club formed to promote friendlier relations among the student body.

Idalane Dresser '35



THE 1934 FOOTBALL TEAM



LEST—WE—FORGET

The trek down the Glory Road to the Berkshire County championship . . . hurdle No. 1 . . . Williamstown . . . Carnevale passes to Gull for the Pittsfield counter . . . but the College Town boys retaliate with a dazzling display of passes . . . final score 6-6. . . . Adams . . . Ralph Polito, stocky sophomore, intercepts an enemy aerial and races to the pay station . . . 7-0 . . . a Pyrrhic victory however, for Captain Simmons is stricken with appendicitis and is out for the season.

Next victim . . . Drury . . . Carnevale and Kellar tally . . . 12-0 . . . now mighty Lee High bows in humble submission . . . to the tune of 19-0 . . . the Purple and White machine scores three times in a fourth period spree . . . Gull twice, Mlynarczyk once . . . one more river to cross.

Thanksgiving Morn 1934 . . . while the turkey roasts . . . shortly after the kick-off St. Joe threatens but we hold for downs . . . and dominate throughout the remainder of the game in all departments, almost scoring in the third quarter after a completed pass, Trepacz to Gull . . . but the play is called back for off-side . . . final score: 0-0 . . . we were thankful . . . for Steve Trepacz's toe . . . for Gull's swivel hips . . . for Balmer's demonic backing-up of the line . . . for Kellar's fine blocking . . . for our snappy cheerleaders, especially the girrulls . . . that the rain was only a fine drizzle and intermittent . . . that Ralph Polito is only a sophomore . . . that there was only one Elger and one Barcz on the St. Joe eleven . . . and finally orchids to Coach Stewart for his 1934 paragons of physical perfection.

The Sports Staff of THE PEN makes the following selections for All Berkshire and All Opponents teams.

ALL BERKSHIRE		ALL OPPONENTS
Vandersloot, (Williamstown)	l.e.	Vandersloot, (Williamstown)
Pietras, (Adams)	l.t.	Pietras, (Adams)
Nolan, (St. Joseph)	l.g.	Uynus, (Adams)
Bongiolotti (Lee)	c.	Bongiolotti (Lee)
Barcz (St. Joseph)	r.g.	Trudall, (Turners Falls)
Balmer, (Pittsfield)	r.t.	Ross, (Adams)
Producers (Pittsfield)	r.e.	Landry (Drury)
Mahoney (Drury)	q.b.	Mahoney (Drury)
Gull (Pittsfield)	l.h.b.	Christian (Turners Falls)
Trepacz (Pittsfield)	r.h.b.	Kulis (Turners Falls)
Kowalski (Adams)	f.b.	Kowalski (Adams)

BASKETEERS SUMMONED

Winter has elbowed Fall into the background and brought basketball before the Klieg lights of the sporting world. On Monday, December 10, Coach Stewart issued the first call for varsity basketball aspirants and an eager squad of eighty-four responded. The Purple and White mentor has his work cut out for him in molding together a smooth-functioning quintet in time for the initial clash of the season with Adams at the Mothertown on December 21.

Unruly appendixes have forced Johnny Gull and Jack Foley, last year veterans, out of court competition for the season. This leaves four veterans Hill, Cusson, Marra, and Balmer. With Hill as a nucleus, Coach Stewart hopes to weld a unit together from these and members of the 1933 jayvees who include Bud Prodggers, Dick Mezejewski, Frank Mylnarczyk, and Al Polidoro.

Several promising Sophomores have been uncovered and will help fill the vacant positions.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec. 21	Adams at Adams
Jan. 5	Williamstown at Pittsfield
Jan. 9	St. Joseph (N.A.) at No. Adams
Jan. 11	Bennington at Bennington
Jan. 18	Drury at North Adams
Jan. 23	Dalton at Pittsfield
Feb. 1	Adams at Pittsfield
Feb. 6	St. Joe at Pittsfield
Feb. 8	Williamstown at Williamstown
Feb. 15	Dalton at Dalton
Feb. 22	Bennington at Pittsfield

No date has been set for the City Championship games.

TOUGH LUCK, JOHN

WE wish to extend condolences to Johnny Gull, who has undergone treatment for appendicitis. Johnny has recently completed a very successful season on the grid-iron, and has been selected as a member of THE PEN's All-Berkshire eleven. He was one of the few veterans returning for the basketball team and was counted on to resume his old guard position. This marks the second blow to the hopes of the quintet, as smiling John Foley also suffered an attack of appendicitis. However, here's to a quick recovery, John, pretty nurses, and merry Christmas!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The PEN is indebted to Mr. Arthur Palme, father of Irma Palme '36 and Erica Palme '37, for the beautiful picture of the Pittsfield High School dome which appears in this issue.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

PRIDE OF P. H. S.

Les femmes of P. H. S. are showing great athletic ability in the numerous activities they undertake. The selection of the program planned for the coming months is so wide that each girl can find a sport to her liking.

Flash! Flash! The hockey tournament, ably conducted by Miss Ward, was won by the powerful Junior combine. The members of the Junior team are: r.w. Murphy, T.; r.f. Suluski, A.; l.f. Moynihan, E.; c.f. Testa, T.; l.w. Millet, L.; r.w. Fessenden, L.; ch.. Cullen, R.; l.h. Ranti, T.; r.f.b. St. John, R.; l.f.b. Reush, M.; g. Grieger, G.
Remark: What happened to the seniors?



* * * *

Flash? Flash? The first swimming meet of the P. H. S. mermaids was Saturday December 15 at the Boy's Club Pool. The girls were successful last year in defeating the St. Joseph girls. Lady Luck smiled on the Pittsfield High girls again this year.

* * * *

Track was conducted three days a week by Miss Ward and Miss McLaughlin. The winners according to placement in the semi-finals were:

Soph—1. Adeline Cripps and Amelia Strail; 2. Helen Naprava; 3. Sophie Uhasz and Ruth Backus. Juniors—1. Eleanor Moynihan; 2. Lorraine Millet; 3. Rita Cullen. Seniors—1. Edith Scace; 2. Sophie Naprava and Eugenie Formel; 3. Claire Ackerman. Winners of the finals were: 1. Lorraine Millet, 2. Eleanor Moynihan and 3. Rita Cullen.

Remark: The three winners are all juniors. The Juniors have held an upperhand this year. (No partiality however—ye editor is a senior).

* * * *

Bowling, which proved to be popular last year, will be resumed again. The price—ten cents a string, the date—Wednesday or Friday.

* * * *

Sports would be incomplete without the favorite—basketball. Practise will be held one day a week for each class until the girls have acquired some experience. The tournament will then be played. Among the Seniors and Juniors are many candidates of last year's games who will provide keen competition. The Sophomores have, as yet, to prove their merit.

* * * *

Miss McLaughlin, who has always shown an active interest in dancing, and eight girls visited Ted Shawn in Becket, and were taught a dance called "Extase". It is copied from an old religious dance. The music for this number was written by a Frenchman—Ganne.

* * * *

Our girls have even successfully invaded the cheer leading section.

Sylvia Lipson '35



Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the
Student Body from

The Business Department

When you do your Christmas Shopping
Patronize Advertisers

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* * * *

Some of these teachers who're so fond of saying, "Rise, please." must think we're hot air.

* * * *

Stranger: "And where do you come from?"

Mr. Meehan: "Pittsfield."

Stranger: "Oh, that's that neck of the woods where they have one week of summer and it spoils the sleighing for the rest of the year."

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WEATHER REPORTS

Thursday: "Stormy Weather."

Friday: "Stormy Weather."

Saturday: "Turn off that radio!!!!"

* * * *

"Is she the kind who knows it all?"

"No, she's the kind who tells it all."

* * * *

Miss Prediger: "There's a lot of meat in this chapter and I want you to assimilate it." Judging from the results of the test, we should say there were quite a few vegetarians in that class.

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If a student stumbled over a stone, would it be called a geology trip?

* * * *

Fred Brown: "I get a great deal of pleasure out of my Latin class."
Sweet and simple: "Yes, out of it."

* * * *

Mr. Herberg: "How would you attack the next proposition?"
Class wit: "Surround it with a circle."

* * * *

Miss Prediger wants to go someplace where it will be warm all the while.

* * * *

Then there was the man who used a meat axe to kill a spider.

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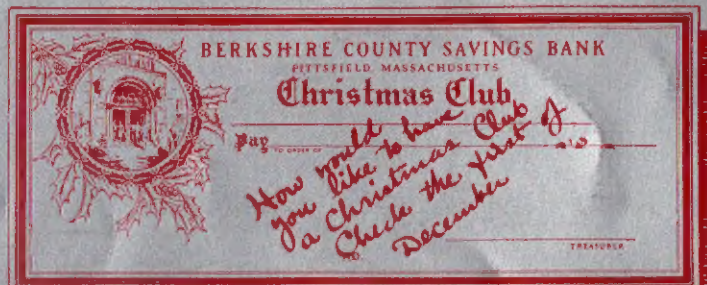
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December, 1934